

## Our Dead.

**LONGENECKER.**—In the New Enterprise congregation, New Enterprise, Bedford Co., Pa., May 22, 1895, Mrs. Sue Viola Longenecker, wife of Prof. H. E. Longenecker, and youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Replogle. The deceased came to Pittsburg, May 11, seemingly in good health, to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. D. J. Bole, and in a few days took sick and continued to grow worse day by day, until her physician advised that her husband and friends be summoned, who came May 16 and stayed by her bed side until her death May 22, 9 P. M. Sue was a consistent member of the Brethren church and died in the hope of a blessed immortality. She had her house set in order, and gave instructions as to the disposal of all her temporal affairs. Then she called her friends to her bed side and asked to be anointed with oil in the name of the Lord, which I did. Her last days were days of perfect peace and happiness. Sue made all arrangements concerning her burial and then fell asleep in Jesus to await the coming of her Lord, when the dead in Christ shall come forth and be forever with Christ, her blessed Redeemer. Her remains were taken to the home of her parents near New Enterprise, Pa., where she had left less than two weeks before on her bridal tour with a bright and happy future before her. Her remains were taken to the Brethren church at Enterprise, Sabbath morning, May 26, and after a solemn service, conducted by Elder Smith, pastor of the Enterprise congregation, assisted by Elder Buck of the German Baptist church, her body was taken to the Enterprise cemetery and laid to rest by the side of a brother and sister who had preceded her to the spirit land, many years ago. The deceased leaves a husband, father and mother, two brothers and four sisters to mourn her departure, which is heavens eternal gain. Truly her sun went down at mid day. May Christ the blessed one give to all the bereaved friends comfort and consolation, is our prayer.

D. J. BOLE.

Pittsburg, Pa.

**FINDLEY.**—Charles H., son of H. S. and Elizabeth Findley, was born Oct. 13, 1891, died June 17, 1895, aged 4 years, 8 months and 4 days. His remains were laid to rest in the Homewood cemetery, east end Pittsburg, June 19, 1895. Funeral by the writer.

D. J. BOLE.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire.

**DRAKE.**—Rachel, wife of Isaiah Drake and mother of the undersigned died at her home at Seybert Station, La Grange Co., Ind., May 11, 1895, aged 66 years, 7 months and 26 days. She was a member of the Brethren church at this place, as there is no church near their home. She leaves a husband, seven children, all grown, who were at the funeral except one, Aaron of Ottawa, Kan., whom they could not hear from, eighteen grand children, and one brother. Funeral services by Rev. Knight of the M. E. church, from Rev. 14: 13. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Gravelton, Ind.

WM. DRAKE.

**BRUMBAUGH.**—Milda, wife of brother Martin Brumbaugh died at her home at Gravelton, Ind., May 12, 1895, of consumption. She had been a member of the Brethren church over four years. She was anointed one week before she died by elder J. Cripe of Elkhart, and John Stuckman of this place. Communion was held at the house for her on the following evening. Her funeral was the second to be held in the church here. Rev. Menaugh gave the discourse from Hebrews 4: 9. She was nearly 26 years of age, and leaves a husband and two children aged 7 and 5 years, one sister, and a half brother. She was buried in the Brumbaugh cemetery.

WM. DRAKE.

**McCUE.**—Our dear brother in Christ, Charley McCuen, was born Aug. 9, 1876, in Whitley Co., Ind. Departed this life May 24, 1895, aged 18 years, 3 months and 14 days. He was the son of brother Robert and sister Catharine McCuen. He was one of eleven children, six of whom have preceded him to the spirit world while four remain to mourn the loss of the departed one. He, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Robison and little child, was on his way to Canada to earn for himself a home. When one hundred and sixty miles of the journey had been made, while on the bank of the North Platte River, near the Pacific Railroad, they were overtaken by a storm. During the storm he was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Mr. Robison and child who were sitting on the seat with him were miraculously saved from death. It being impossible to send his remains to his former home, owing to the fact that there were no Sunday trains, he was buried at Ogallala. He was not permitted to gain the earthly home he sought, but instead was given a better, a heavenly.

He was a bright, young man, respected by all who knew him. We mourn not as those who have no hope. Our loss is his eternal gain. Our brother's spirit is with God who gave it. He was converted to the Brethren faith and gave his heart to God about fourteen months ago. There is joy, peace and happiness where friends prepare to meet their God. Funeral services by Rev. A. Bissell, from Job 14: 14.

Charley now has gone and left us,  
In the room his vacant chair  
Tells us that 'twas God who bereft us  
And relieved him from all care.

He is gone and we are waiting,  
Soon all will meet him over there  
In realms of light we then will greet him  
With the loved ones gone before.

One sweet flower has drooped and faded,  
One dear son's voice now has fled,  
One fair brow the grave has shaded,  
One dear schoolmate now is dead.

Norcatour, Kan.

S. ARNOLD.

## TURN TO THE LIGHT.

Within a sick-room there was a little rose-bush in a pot in the window. There was only one rose on the bush, and its face was turned full towards the light. This fact was noticed and spoken of, when one said that the rose would look no other way save towards the light. Experiments had been made with it; it had been turned away from the window, its face towards the gloom of the interior, but in a little time it would resume its old position. With wonderful persistence it refused to keep its face towards the darkness, and insisted on ever looking towards the light.

The rose has its lesson for us. We should never allow ourselves to face toward life's gloom; we should never sit down in the shadow of any sorrow and let the light darken over us into the gloom of despair; we should turn our faces away towards the light, and quicken every energy for braver duty and truer, holier service.—F. R. Miller, D. D.

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